

for men that shape hem other wey
falsly her ladies to bitray,
It is no wonder though they be fat;
With false othes hir loves they gat;
for oft I see suche losengeours
fatter than abbatis or priours.

NET with o thing I thee charge,
That is to seye, that thou be large
Unto the mayd that hir doth serve,
So best hir thank thou shalt deserve.
Yeve hir yftes, and get hir grace,
for so thou may hir thank purchase,
That she thee worthy holde and free,
Thy lady, and alle that may thee see.
Also hir servautes worshippe ay,
And plesse as muche as thou may;
Gret good through hem may come to thee,
Bicause with hir they been prive.
They shal hir telle how they thee fand
Curteis and wys, and wel doand,
And she shal preysse thee wel the mare.
Loke out of londe thou be not fare;
And if such cause thou have, that thee
Bihoveth to gon out of contree,
Leve hool thyn herte in hostage,
Til thou ageyn make thy passage.
Thenk long to see the swete thing
That hath thyn herte in hir keping.

NOW have I told thee, in what wyse
A lover shal do me servyse.
Do it than, if thou wolt have
The mede that thou aftir crave.

WHAN Love al this had boden me,
I seide him: Sire, how may it be
That lovers may in such manere
Endure the peyne ye have seid here?
I merveyle me wonder faste,
How any man may live or laste
In such peyne, and such brenning,
In sorwe and thought, and such sighing,
Hy unrelased wo to make,
Whether so it be they slepe or wake.
In such annoy continually,
As helpe me God, this merveile I,
How man, but he were maad of stele,
Might live a month, such peynes to fele.

THE God of Love than seide me:
freend, by the feith I owe to thee,
May no man have good, but he it by.
A man loveth more tendirly
The thing that he hath bought most dere.
for wite thou wel, withouten were,
In thank that thing is taken more,
for which a man hath suffred sore.
Certis, no wo ne may atteyne
Unto the sore of loves peyne.
Non yvel therto ne may amounte,
No more than a man may counte
The drops that of the water be.
for drye as wel the grete see
Thou mightist, as the harmes telle
Of hem that with Love dwelle
In servyse; for peyne hem sleeth,

And that ech man wolde fle the deeth,
And trowe they shulde never escape,
Nere that hope couthe hem make
Glad as man in prisoun set,
And may not geten for to et
But barly, breed, and watir pure,
And lyeth in vermin and in ordure;
With alle this, yit can he live,
Good hope such comfort hath him yive,
Which maketh wene that he shal be
Delivered and come to liberte;
In fortune is his fulle trust.
Though he lye in strawe or dust,
In hope is al his susteyning.

AND so for lovers, in hir wening,
Whiche Love hath shit in his prisoun;
Good Hope is hir salvacioun.
Good Hope, how sore that they smerte,
Yeveth hem bothe wille and herte
To profre hir body to martyre;
for Hope so sore doth hem desyre
To suffre ech harm that men devyse,
for joye that aftir shal aryse.
Hope, in desire to cacche victorie;
In Hope, of love is al the glorie,
for Hope is al that love may yive;
Nere Hope, ther shulde no lover live,
Blessid be Hope, which with desyre
Avaunceth lovers in such manere.
Good Hope is curteis for to plesse,
To kepe lovers from al disese.
Hope kepith his lond, and wol abyde,
for any peril that may betyde;
for Hope to lovers, as most cheef,
Doth hem endure al mischeef;
Hope is her help, whan mister is.
And I shal yeve thee eek, ywis,
Three other thingis, that greet solas
Doth to hem that be in my las.

GOD firste good that may be founde,
To hem that in my lace be bounde,
Is Swete Thought, for to recorde
Thing wherwith thou canst accorde
Best in thyn herte, wher she be;
Thought in absence is good to thee.
Whan any lover doth compleyne,
And liveth in distresse and peyne,
Than Swete Thought shal come, as blyve,
Awey his angre for to dryve.
It makith lovers have remembraunce
Of comfort, and of high plesaunce,
That Hope hath hight him for to winne.
for Thought anon than shal biginne,
As fer, God wot, as he can finde,
To make a mirroure of his minde;
for to biholde he wol not lette.
Hir person he shal afore him sette,
Hir laughing eyen, persaunt and clere,
Hir shape, hir fourme, hir goodly chere,
Hir mouth that is so gracious,
So swete, and eek so savorous;
Of alle hir fetures he shal take heede,
His eyen with alle hir times fede.

THIS Swete Thought shal aswage
The peyne of lovers, and hir rage.
Thy joye shal double, withoute gesse,
Whan thou thenkist on hir semlinesse,
Or of hir laughing, or of hir chere,
That to thee made thy lady dere;
This comfort wol I that thou take;
And if the next thou wolt forsake
Which is not lesse savorous,
Thou shuldest been to dangerous.

THE secounde shal be Swete Speche,
That hath to many oon be leche,
To bringe hem out of wo and were,
And helpe many a bachilere;
And many a lady sent socoure,
That have loved par amour,
Through speking, whan they mighten here
Of hir lovers, to hem so dere.
To hem it voidith al hir smerte,
The which is closed in hir herte.
In herte it makith hem glad and light,
Speche, whan they mowe have sight.
And therfore now it cometh to minde,
In olde dawes, as I finde,
That clerikis writen that hir knewe,
Ther was a lady fresh of hewe,
Which of hir love made a song
On him for to remembre among,
In which she seide: Whan that I here
Speken of him that is so dere,
To me it voidith al my smerte,
Ywis, he sit so nere myn herte,
To speke of him, at eve or morwe,
It cureth me of al my sorwe.
To me is noon so high plesaunce
As of his persone daliaunce.
She wist ful wel that Swete Speking
Comfortith in ful muche thing.
Hir love she had ful wel assayed,
Of him she was ful wel apayed;
To speke of him hir joye was set.
Therfore I rede thee that thou get
A felowe that can wel concele
And kepe thy counsel, and wel hele,
To whom go shewe hoolly thyn herte,
Bothe wele and wo, joye and smerte:
To gete comfort to him thou go,
And privily, bitween yow two,
Ye shal speke of that goodly thing,
That hath thyn herte in hir keping;
Of hir beaute and hir semblaunce,
And of hir goodly countenance.
Of al thy state thou shalt him sey,
And aske him counseil how thou may
Do any thing that may hir plesse;
for it to thee shal do gret ese,
That he may wite thou trust him so,
Bothe of thy wele and of thy wo.
And if his herte to love be set,
His companye is muche the bet,
for resoun wol, he shewe to thee
Al uttirly his privite;
And what she is he loveth so,

To thee pleyntly he shal undo,
Withoute drede of any shame,
Bothe telle hir renoun and hir name.
Than shal he forther, ferre and nere,
And namely to thy lady dere,
In siker wyse; ye, every other
Shal helpen as his owne brother,
In trouthe withoute doublenesse,
And kepen cloos in sikernessee.
for it is noble thing, in fay,
To have a man thou darst say
Thy prive counsel every del;
for that wol comfort thee right wel,
And thou shalt holde thee wel apayed,
Whan such a freend thou hast assayed.

THE thridde good of greet comfort
That yeveth to lovers most dis-
port,
Comith of sight and biholding,
That clepid is Swete Loking,
The which may noon ese do,
Whan thou art fer thy lady fro;
Wherfore thou prese alwey to be
In place, where thou mayst hir se.
for it is thing most amorous,
Most delitable and savorous,
for to aswage a mannes sorowe,
To sene his lady by the morowe.
for it is a ful noble thing
Whan thyn eyen have meting
With that relyke precious,
Wherof they be so desirous.
But al day after, soth it is,
They have no drede to faren amis,
They dreden neither wind ne reyn,
Ne yit non other maner peyn.
for whan thyn eyen were thus in blis,
Yit of hir curtesye, ywis,
Aloon they can not have hir joye,
But to the herte they it convoye;
Part of hir blis to him they sende,
Of al this harm to make an ende.
The eye is a good messangere,
Which can to the herte in such manere
Tidyingis sende, that he hath seen,
To voide him of his peynes cleen.
Wherof the herte rejoyseth so
That a gret party of his wo
Is voided, and put away to flight.
Right as the derknesse of the night
Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,
Right so is al his wo ful sone
Devoided clene, whan that the sight
Biholden may that fresshe wight
That the herte desyreth so,
That al his derknesse is ago;
for than the herte is al at ese,
Whan they seen that that may hem plesse.
NOW have I thee declared al out,
Of that thou were in drede and dout;
for I have told thee feithfully
What thee may curen utterly,
And alle lovers that wole be